

# JASTRZAB-10

THIS IS JASTRZAB, Youngstown's contribution to the Underground Folklore of America, edited and published By Stan Wrobel, 7 Poland Village Blvd., Poland, Ohio 44514. Subscription rates: 10/\$1/50 (Give A SUBSCRIPTION TO A DYING FRIEND). Diplomacy Gamesces when there are openings (which there are not), are \$4.00. Trades welcomed.

FUNNY HOW TIME CHANGES ALL column: A few months ago, the Diplomacy world rocked to the verbal broadsides of Rod Walker shelling The Chairman of the Board (someday I must remember to send John Beshara the book entitled "The Art of Underselling") for publication of the TDA's WAZIR. Wazir #4 has finally appeared and announced its disappearance. Pandemonium Publications has taken an extensive vacation. Will the next two teams take the field.

TELEPHONE ORDERS: If and When submitting orders by phone, please feel free to allow Carol Wrobel to accept them rather than call back later. She is by far the most qualified one to give phone orders to here....I usually misfile them in the garbage.

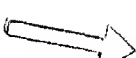
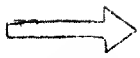
POTPOURRI: Because of the length and breath of the Edi Birsan Story (The Saga of Army Edi) and the usual LORD OF THE RINGS trivia, we will not print a list of traders and subscribers in this issue. However, several newer 'zines are worthy of comment and support:

1. ARMADILLO, Steve Cooper, 3073 S. Buchanan St., Apt B-2, Arlington, Va 22206, has got to be rated one of the clearest reproduced magazines out. Has game openings. Highly recommended for those tired of straining to read why they are losing in a game.
2. IMPASSABLE, John Boyer, 117 Garland Drive, Carlisle, Penna 17013, is not a new 'zine exactly. However, if John can control his lust to write as much as Larry Peery, one would have to admit this is one of the best 'zines out. While it pains me to praise Len Lakofka, a POLE no less, his articles on Gamesmastering should be recommended reading for all Diplomacy publishers and players. I wonder why ACHERON hasn't conti-  
ted to reprint this series?
3. CARPETBAGGER, Steve Bell, 5605 VIRGILWOOD DRIVE, GREENSBORO, NC, 27409, is another of those well-reproduced 'zines. Has game openings right now. Suggest you write for details and possibly a sample copy before enlisting. Not recommended for those who skip moves, miss deadlines, etc..
4. THE ARENA, EDI BIRSAN, 48-20 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104. After reading our feeble attempts (within the A Edi article) to destroy the myth of Birsan's invincibility, we felt that a more personal attack on the front page would be needed....  
THE ARENA is as fast as GRAUSTARK, as informative as Carol Buchanan's HOOSIER ARCHIVE,  
AND PROBABLY AS ACCURATE AS ANYBODY'S GAMESMASTERING IS GOING TO BE. Has one game  
filling now. If we all would join into his games and all subscribe to his 'zine, then  
we would all remove him from playing (and winning) as much....Sound Polish Logic!

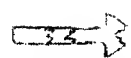
DEADLINES: 1972Dcx-HRIVE builds, removals, and retreats due 10/16/72 in writing.  
-TUILE 3022 due on 10/26/72.

1972AK-FALL 1903	10/26/72	1969BV-SPRING 1907
1972BQ-FALL 1902		1969CJ-FALL 1908
1972CM-WINTER 1901		1969B--SPRING 1911

TV PLUG: BANACEK, who else.



## ARMY EDI TO OHIO



2

(ED.NOTE: Hopefully this unsolicited account will be published not too long after Edi's ARENA goes to print so as to permit the whole truth to be recorded after the Diplomacy world hears the outcries and anguish emitting from Long Island City)

The grim tale begins on Saturday, Sept. 15, when I answered the phone and heard this strange voice exclaiming "The Lox are Coming, The Bagels are coming, The New York Kosher Hot Dogs are COMING! BEWARE!!" Not knowing that these areticles were in heat, I listened attentively for a moment and then identified the garbled tones of Miss Edi Birsan as the speaker. He proceeded to inform me of his coming (The Second One?) into Youngstown the following weekend for "a little game of Diplomacy." HehHehHeh. Birsan coming to play at Diplomacy in the Youngstown area is like Walter Buchanan asking for volunteers for a grudge game. However, undaunted by the prospects that lay before him, Edi did indeed proceed through the week to call again and tell us that Bob Komada would not be coming with him after all. He would be coming alone. Hehhehheh. "I'll be arriving Friday night about 9:30." Late Friday afternoon, Carol the Wrobel receives a phone call again; "Mrs Wrobel," (that was enough to set her off; who did Birsan think I was living with? My Mother?? Birsan should meet my mother!) "this is Clearfield, Pa Edi calling to tell you that I will now be arriving at 9:50." Carol scrambled the message, advised me of it, and then informed John the Koning of the later arrival time. "Gee, John, you'll have more time to look at the preverts at the station while you are waiting." Birsan finally arrived on the Trailways, hooked up with Koning successfully, and appeared on our doorstep.

John the Smythe having to go to a football game and the other killers in the area not caring to meet the victim before the contest, left Carol, John, and Ye Old Pole to entertain Army Edi properly. We spent the next few hours sitting around telling anecdotes about Charles Reinsel (who always appears in Diplomacy anecdotes), Bill Linden of New York nose-bleeds fame, John Beshara and John Boardman, and all the other trash and trivia that can accumulate in the minds such as we. After a few hours of frolicking thus, Herr Koning tired and retired home, Carol tired and retired to bed, leaving me alone with ONE OF THE BEST GAME PLAYERS IN THE WORLD! Was I seared? Intimidated? Naaaaah. Foolishly, Edi had spied (HE REALLY COULD NOT MISS THEM...THERE WERE TANKS AND SHELLS AND CANNONS AND TREES EVERYWHERE) Bob Keathley's MiniTank game. Loyal readers will recall that last issue I related the events of our visit to the Keathleys down in Tennessee. Bob, living in the middle of that wasteland, packed all his 1:87 scaled tanks and all the other game stuff into a box and insisted that I take them back to Youngstown for more playing time and trials. I had reluctantly (but gratefully) agreed. So anyhow, Army Edi challenges the Polish Royal Tank Corps to a "little game of tanks". That was his second mistake--coming here would be his first. For the next tow hours, I proceeded (Yea, Poles) to destroy anything and everything on the board. Final score 3 to 0. After this exercise, Army Edi, getting a little weary and needing some moral encouragement, agreed to play a Panzerblitz game for demonstration of superior tactics. Having been scared and intimidated, I must say that Edi Birsan just might be the best board-simulations player around. Without going into details, the TOTAL game score for Friday night ended up 3 to 1. As I recall, we spent the remainder of the night (remember, sportsfans, we had started a little after 10) reliving the early days and beginnings of Strategy&Tactics and all the Avalon-Hill board games. Realizing that I had to put in an appearnace at work in the same morning, I retired sometime after 5, leaving Edi in the middle of the living room telling the cats about his victories in Postal Diplomacy.

EdiSaturday began at DAWN with John Smythe calling to find out what was happening. "Where's the game, what's the action, what should I bring?" Being slightly awake after this, I went to work. Rusing home at noon, I found Carol and Edi sitting down sipping Dristans and coffee. Ohio Weather! Skipping lunch, we then proceeded back to the Tank Wars (DON'T GIVE UP. DIPLOMACY FANS, THE GAME IS COMING) to allow Army Edi to regain his courage. John Smythe bounds in about this time and we pick up sides. Now then, realizing that in the house we have one Edi Birsan, one John Smythe, (Both of whom need no introduction to war-games), one small Pole named Stan, and one even smaller half-Pole named David (age SIX), one's assumptions about the team compositions would probably be entirely wrong! That's right, Smythe/Birsan vrs the little Poles! Now the world knows how these tow have won so many postal games. However, undaunted, fearlessly, and without pity, the little Poles

proceeded to destroy these two beleaguered sadists in the first two encounters. After that, our luck ran out, David left crying because "those meanies have blown up my Tanks", and the games took on the appearance of the Calley massacres (WHERE ARE THE CALLEYS OF NORTH VIETNAM?). Score at this point 6 to 3.

Then the fun started. The other killers had been filtering into the arena while the four of us had been engaged. John the Koning had arrived and was busy taking pictures of the shooting match for his porno gallery, Tony Dastoli ambled in, asking "Where is the Big Man?", and all the Williams arrived. There was Kate Williams, Bill Williams, Mariah Williams and Morgan La Fry Williams, the latter two being, respectively, mother and son Lab Retrievers. Morgan La Fry is only part Lab though, his sire being either an elephant or an Allegheny Forest Wolf. Anyhow, nobody ever thinks of stabbing Bill or Kate with Morgan La Fry present. Before we could even begin to draw for country assignments, Birsan swamps everybody with his infamous pole, which we had to answer before he would consider playing. John Smythe, having to absent himself for a few hours, leaves Carol to play his country. I point this out now, for events to follow are directly related to the fact that Carol is playing Smythe's position until he returns. Country assignments were: Birsan as England (We even arranged to give him a good country.), Koning as Italy, Kate as France, Tony as Russia, Bill as Germany, Carol/Smythe as Austria, and Me be Turk. Diplomasy takes place in the usual Youngstown style: CAROL: "You know you always stabeme"; STAN: "I'll leave you alone if you leave me alone"; TONY: "Russia never talks to England in the first year"; SOMEBODY: "Nice Doggie!"; JOHN: "I'll talk to anybody!"; etc.;etc. Lord only knows what the NEW YORKER was telling the Williams combine. Carol, relieving the tension, stabs John directly in 1902 and we see his rapid demise soon after. Russia, not doing much talking in the North, suffers through a visit from Germany and England from 1902 on. France proceeds on her merry without too many enemies (Morgan sitting beside her most of the time). And Birsan sits back and sets himself up. In 1904, Smythe arrives to take possession of his throne. He immediately begins with his by-now famous volley of Diplomacy: "If you don't..(HATEVER), Birsan is going to win, "If you stab me now, Birsan will win!", "If you don't change your alliance, Birsan will win!", "IF YOU SNEEZE, BIRSAN WILL WIN!". I promptly stab him, being afraid up to now to incur the wrath of you-know-who. Jockeying back and forth, lying and laughing all the time, Smythe and I finally agree to stop Birsan. Smythe, the silver-tongue to the end, is successful (to Birsan's utter disbelief) in getting the German/French joint commander against the English. The German goes downhill from then on, mainly at the hands of his allies... This game has now gone on for about 10 hours with only a pizza break, a few drink breaks, a sandwich break, and other small interruptions. Meanwhile, Smythe and I continue to grow principally at the expense of the French, the Russian, and the German. Birsan is up to 12 pieces and the Austro-Turkish lines are being mutually fortified with extra pieces as Smythe and I eye each other warily. Finally, in 1913, we get a break in Birsan's line around France and cause him to remove one unit. This break has taken at least four game years and lends much to Edi's vaulted tactical ability. Edi, being a rational player (?), concedes that, even though it would take about ten more game years, England would lose in the end. Smythe and I, being civilized warmongers, agree to share the victory. Actually I was too tired to stab him again and figure out what to do. Thus the game finally ends. Birsan having come 400 miles has had his bleakest dreams come true with his defeat at the hands of the infamous Smythe and the Vaulted Pole. God isn't just!

Actually the night doesn't end here, Smythe wanting to play ships. WE settle for a couple of more tank encounters and a couple of more hours talk, before finally collapsing for the night. EdiSunday, Edi charges to prepare for the ride to the Bus station. I could have driven him to ALTOONA in the time he allotted. With John Koning and I forming the farewell party, Birsan gets safely entrenched in the Trailways to take him back to the friendly confines of The House of Games. Promising to return in the spring with his own tanks and his own Dippy allies, we saw him ride off into the sunrise, chanting "I should have been declared the winner", "I should have been the winner"! The elderly woman sitting next to him looked slightly frightened as Birsan wiped out his pocket-sized board and started to explain convoy rules to her.....

Come back Soon, Edi.

## MORDOR (KONING)

DA BERON-RIVENDELL. GA RIVENDELL-MISTY MOUNTAINS II. DA N.WILDERLANDS-WEST RHUN.  
 SA WILDERLANDS-N.WILDERLANDS. SA DOL GULDER (S) DA N.WILDERLANDS-WEST RHUN. SA DAGORLAND  
 (S) DA BROWNLANDS. DA BROWNLANDS (S) SA DAGORLAND. DA DEAD MRSHEB-ITHILIEN. TA PELARGIR  
 (S) DA DEAD MARSHES-ITHILIEN. SA MINAS MORGUL (S) DA DEAD MARSHES-ITHILIEN. DA LEBENNIN -  
 DOL AMROTH. SA HARLINDON, ALL TUCKERED OUT AFTER ITS LONG CAMPAIGN AGAINST HARLINDON,  
 COLLAPSES THERE FOR SIX MONTHS.

## GONDOR (BOND)

DA ANORIEN (S) SA MINAS TIRITH. SA MINAS TIRITH (S) ROHAN SA LAMEDON. SA ITHILIEN HOLDS!

## ROHAN (SMYTHE)

DA EMYN MUIL (S) MEN DA RHUN-DAGORLAND. SA WOLD (S) ELVES SA LORIEN WOOD-BROWNLANDS.  
 SA EAST EMNET (S) SA WOLD. SA BELFALAS-DOL AMROTH. SA LAMEDON (S) SA BELFALAS-DOL AMROTH.  
 SA ISEN-PINNATH GELIN.

## ELVES (KEATHLEY)

DA EREGION (S) MEN SA WEATHER HILLS-RHUDAUER. SA MIRKWOOD-BEORN. SA LORIEN WOOD-BROWNLANDS.

## MEN OF THE NORTHS(WALKER)

DA RHUN-DAGORLAND. SA DALE-ESGAROTH. SA ESGAROTH-WEST RHUN. SA WEATHER HILLS-RHUDAUR.  
 SA ENEDWAITH-ISEN.

## DWARVES (KEY)

SA ANDUIN'S VALE-BEORN. DA MT.GUNDABAD (S) SA ANDUIN'S VALE-BEORN. SA EREBOR (S) ELVES  
 SA MIRKWOOD. SA HARLINDON PUTS INTO THE MITTEL SEA ON THEIR BUNCHABOATS!

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. MORDOR SA DAGORLAND MUST RETREAT TO UDUN OR OFF-THE-BOARD.  
 GONDOR SA ITHILIEN MUST RETREAT TO WETWANG, SOUTH ITHILIEN, OR OFF-THE-BOARD. AS STATED AT  
 THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME, I WOULD APPRECIATE HAVING THE RETREATS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO  
 AVOID HAVING TO CALL FOR CONDITIONAL ORDERS BASED ON RETREATS. PLEASE SUBMIT WITHIN 10  
 DAYS.

## SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

MOR: BARAD DUR, MINAS MORGUL, UNUN, DOL GULDER, UMBAR, N.WILDERLANDS, RIVENDALE, DOL AMROTH  
 PELARGIR, WILDERLANDS, ~~DAGORLAND~~, ~~BEORN~~, HARLINDON, ITHILIEN. (12...no change)

GON: MINAS TIRITH, ANORIEN, ~~ITHILIEN~~. (2...remove one)

ROH: EDORAS, WEST EMNET, EAST EMNET, ISENGARD, ~~ISEN~~, FANGORN WOODS. (5...remove one)

ELF: LORIEN WOOD, MIRKWOOD, MORIA. (3...even)

MEN: DALE, ESGAROTH, BREE, THARBAD, RHUN, ISEN, DAGORLAND. (7...build two)(WILL BE ONE SHORT)

DWF: EREBOR, ERED LUIN II, THE SHIRE, MT.GUNDABAD, BEORN. (5...build one)

AS THE DWARF BUILD MUST COME IN ERED LUIN II AND THE MEN CAN ONLY BUILD ONE IN BREE, PLEASE  
 SUBMIT REMOVALS ALONG WITH RETREATS AND WE CAN THEN DISPENSE WITH THE HRIVE SEASON OR AT  
 LEAST TAKE IT CONCURRENTLY WITH TUILE 3022 ON THE NEXT DEADLINE. ALL PLAYERS WILL BE  
 INFORMED OF BUILDS, REMOVALS, AND RETREATS WITHIN TWO WEEKS IF EVERYONE COOPERATES AND  
 SUBMITS THEIR RESPECTIVE ORDERS FOR THE HRIVE SEASON WITHIN 10 DAYS.

.....

EDORAS: KING SMYTHE ANNOUNCED THAT BIG ROD, EARLE OF THE PHALLIC, HAS BEEN GIVEN COMMAND  
 OF THE ROHAN FORCES IN THE EAST. IT IS HOPED THAT THE FAMOUS PHALLIC PHALAUX WILL BE  
 ABLE TO STOP THE WHORDS OF SAURON. BRAVELY USING BOTH HANDS TO CARRY THE RENOWNED PHALLIC  
 POLE BEFORE THEM THE WARRIORS OF THE PHALLIC ARE ROHAN'S LAST HOPE TO CONTAIN SAURON'S  
 EVIL MINIONS.

.....  
 and now for the famous press releases that Rod Walker would rate PFX (perfectly funny, but  
 wait till next year when I write something again, Folks, if you want to really laugh).  
 Yes, here is another grim TALE OF MIDDLE EARTH.....

## Chapter 6.

The most Rev. Dirac Nelson was puzzled. Even more puzzled than was usual of the High Priest of the Cathedral of St. Harley the Forgetful. The course of the war was not going according to his predictions. Having a bad memory he is forced to rely on the future. The Men of the North had attacked Rohan in Isen. Sauron's forces had been expelled from Ithilien. The Nazgul had had dealings with King Bard in Dale, and rumors were about that the Balin and his faithful Indian companion Gimli had appeared in that same Dale. Clearly something was amiss.

Opening another bottle of Rolling Rock he silently rose and extended it toward the larger-than-life statue of St. Harley before thoughtfully, contemplatively, deliberately ((YOU FORGOT BLOODTHIRSTILY)) downing it in one gulp. Where had this madness started? Thinking back, he suddenly frowned. Of course! Things had begun to go sour when King Eric the Just had been killed, supposedly by Orcs, and replaced by that agent of chaos, Capt. Rodney Walker. Why, already Walker had been writing to the Valar to complain that the names of certain places in Middle Earth were not correct, and that they should be changed immediately. Soon he would be attempting to take control of the war against Mordor, and Harley alone knew what that would lead to! On second thought, while the revered St. Harley probably had known, it doubtlessly slipped his mind before he could tell anyone.

Clearly someone must be sent to investigate the goings-on in the North. But who could he send? His agent must be someone who could deal with Walker on his own level...someone whose characteristics and character were so similar to the Captain that he would counter Walker's Machiavellian doings. Nelson sorted through his file of agents, tossing aside, such likely prospects as Phelps, Barney, Casey, 99, and even the redoubtable Martin Landau. No, something even more impossible was needed.

As he sat buried in thought, the Rolling Rock bottles piling up about him, a sudden thrashing was heard from the foyer of the Cathedral, then a large thunderous crash followed by billows of sooty smoke and a shriek of raucous laughter mixed with gurglings and chortles. Nelson looked up and then smiled. Of course, the perfect counter to Rodney Walker...Boozo the Clown!

A burly figure clad in a baggy white suite with multicolored polka dots besmirched with grape-like stains lurched into the chamber. "Boozo!" said Rev. Nelson irritably, "have you been drinking again?"

"No, no blesshed rever...rever...reyrant!" said the man, reeling along one wall and bringing down the folds of a tapestry (a scene depicting St. Harley trying to remember his name) in a sodden mass behind him.

"You lush!" roared Nelson, leaping up in a cascade of empty Rolling Rock bottles, "you know our Order forbids immoderate drinking." Smashing the neck of a fresh bottle of elixir against the altar, he gulped it down, spitting out splinters of glass.

"Me?" said the clown-suited figure, his eyes growing round with amazement. "Why, I never drink. I is as stable as...as...as this cabinet," he asserted, thumping the glass-fronted cabinet holding hundreds of steins, which promptly fell backward in a tumult of breaking glassware.

"You have!" shrieked Nelson, hurling the empty bottle through the huge stained glass window of the cathedral (a magnificent rendering of the historical scene in which St. Harley first got to talk).

"No, no, I am as sober as you!" whimpered Boozo, kneeling before his superior and pushing over several statues which had heretofore remained intact (the statues had depicted the momentous occasion on which St. Harley, then a Gondorese cavalry officer, had led his troops around a small hillock and attacked his own rearguard, whom he felt were wearing suspiciously familiar uniforms).

"Boozo," thundered the priest, "if your evil practices continue I will have you drawn and quartered, then reassembled and electrocuted (as soon as electricity is invented in Middle Earth.)" Pausing to open his 20th bottle of the day, he fixed the clown with a menacing stare and then, forgetting what he had been about to say (and what he had been saying as well), sat down and beckoned the man to him. "Come here, clown, I have a missic for you. Sit down and have a drink."

The next day Booze paused outside Minas Tirith to collect his wits and refresh himself. Several grapeskins later he remembered that he had forgotten the craftily subtle letter of introduction given him by Rev. Nelson, his entry into the court of Captain Rodney Walker. Knowing he must have something to gain him free passage about the Kingdom of the North, the clown sat down to rewrite the letter from memory. Painfully, laboriously working out each letter, he wrote:

"I are Booze the Clown. I have been sent by Rev. Dirac Nelson to say 'Hi!' While I are here looking around I would like to see all you's secret files and stuff since we clowns am very curious. I are also interested in churches, schools, and barrooms. Ha ha."

That would convince Walker, he thought.

A few weeks later he reeled into Esgaroth, well-known as the secret site of government from which Capt. Rodney Walker manipulated King Bord, King Dumb, King Oaf, and the other Chieftans of the Free People. Approaching the secret door to Walker's chambers he critically eyed the huge sign which said "Skrut Dor" then approached the gaily clad secret policeman lounging against it and uttered the password taught him by Rev. Nelson: "Lemme In!"

The policeman bowed curtly and swung the door open. As Booze lurched through it, the doorwarden courtiously kicked him the hindquarters, allowing him to make a forceful entry.

The chamber in which he found himself was awesome in its magnificence. Fully 8' by 8' it was sumptuously decorated in beautiful furnishings, on the sides of which could be read the legend of the makers.... "Oranges, I crt," and on others, doubtlessly the work of the noted Gemignani Artisans, "Organes." About the chamber hung beautiful tapestries bearing the incomprehensible labels "Imperialism IV", "Imperialism IX", "Youngstown Variet" while beneath them sat beautifully rusted filing cabinets bulging with prismatically colored magazines.

In one corner, on a particularly impressive chair titled "Florida Orngs," sat a man undoubtedly the secret...or perhaps, skrut...ruler of Middle Earth. He eyed the clown in stony silence.

Booze approached, tripping over piles of encyclopaedias and works of geography. He handed him the letter which he had composed. The Captain slowly read it, his lips moving as his finger traced out each word.

Suddenly, his eyes flashing, he stood up...or at least a reasonable facsimile of 'up'. His figure, cloaked in a grey terry-cloth robe which bore the title "Conrad Hilton," reached an impressive 5'2" while his girth easily equalled that.

"You," he said, pointing aimlessly at several spots about the room. "You expect me to believe this?"

"Why not?" said Booze.

"You is an imposter! You wretched pumpernickle!"

"I are not a pumpernickle, though I does a little leafing now and then," said the clown indignantly.

"You lie," said the Captain, flinging off his Hilton to reveal a baggy white suit covered with wine-stains and poleka dots. "I recognize you, you bastard."

"Father!" yelled Booze.

"Son?" ventured Walker.

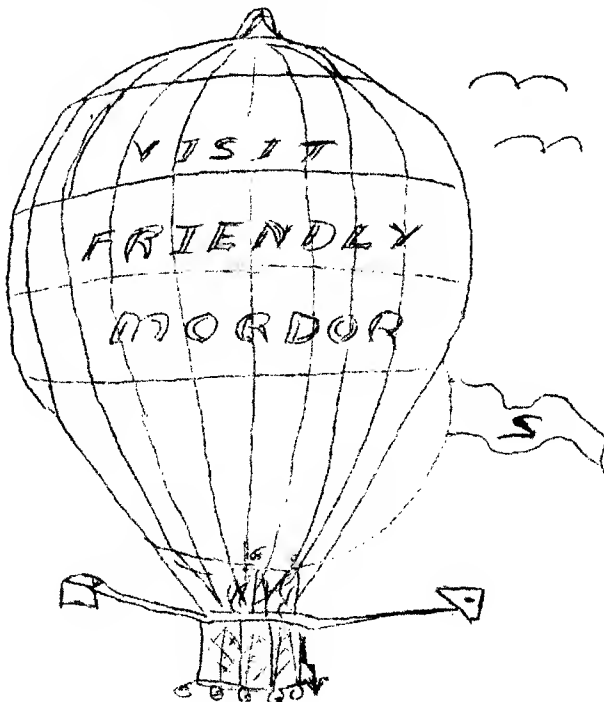
oOoOo

IS BOOZO PUTTING WALKER ON?

IS WALKER PUTTING BOOZO ON?

IS KONING PUTTING EVERYONE ON?

TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE, WHEN WE WILL SWITCH TO A DIFFERENT STORY LINE ENTIRELY TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER.





SPRING 1903

1972AK

JASTRZAB ONE

AUSTRIA (Horton); F Greece (S) A Serbia to Bulgaria. A Serbia to Bulgaria. A Vienna to Trieste. A Tyrolia to Piedmont. A Trieste to Serbia.

ENGLAND (DAVIS): A Holland to Kiel. F Helgoland Bight (S) A Holland-Kiel. F North Sea (S) F Skaggerak to Denmark. F Skaggerak to Denmark.

FRANCE (BOYER): A Belgium (S) A Burgundy-Ruhr. A Burgundy to Ruhr. A Picardy to Burgundy. A Marsailles (S) A Picardy-Burgundy. F Western Mediterranean to Tyrrhenian Sea. F Brest to the Mid-Atlantic.

GERMANY (BOULANGER): F Denmark to the Helgoland Bight. A Kiel (S) A Ruhr-Holland. A Ruhr to Holland. A Munich to Burgundy.

ITALY (HENDRY): A Tunis Holds. A Rome to Apulia. F Naples (S) F Adriatic to Ionian. F Adriatic to the Ionian.

RUSSIA (ATTEBERRY): F St. Petenc to NORWAY. A Moscow to Warsaw. A Warsaw to Prussia. F-Constantinople (S) AUSTRIAN F Greece-Aegean. (NSO!) A Bulgaria (S) F Constantinople. A Rumania (S) A Bulgaria. A Sevastapol to Armonia. F Norway to Norwegian. F Sweden (S) F St. Petenc to Norway.

TURKEY (KNUDSEN): A Ankara to Constantinople. F Aegean (S) Austrian A Serbia-Bulgaria.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. The German Fleet Denmark is displaced and may retreat to the Baltic Sea or Off-the Board. The Russian, French, and German players may make their moves conditional upon this retreat for the Fall Season. The English Army Holland is annihilated. The Russian Army Bulgaria is annihilated.

#### PRESS RELEASES:

Mid-Atlantic Ocean--The good ship, The Le Seine, has finally left the shores of France for the sea. The Le Seine is on maneuvers for training its new crew. The FMC did not say whether the Le Seine would return to Brest or join up with her sister ship, the Le Marne. However, Admiral Jutelande was reported to be on the Le Seine, but the rumor was not confirmed by the FMC.

Strasbourg, Burgundy--The FMC of the Eastern Front are headed by ~~General Pershing~~ General Mandeau, who replaced General Pershing when they found out that he was an American. General Mandeau was reported to have met with all of the lading French Generals to draw up the invasion plan of Germany. It was not mentioned where the French armies would attack, but that success was practically guaranteed. Time will tell whether General Mandeau will keep his new position.

Paris, France--The Prime Minister of France, Boyer (pronounced BOY ā'), announced that the FMC was going ahead with the master plan that was drawn way back in 1900 in the event of war with Germany. It was called the Foch Plan, but it was said that Prime Minister Boyer was the brain of the plan. However, the Prime Minister would not confirm this, and all he said was that he hoped France would survive to see the day when democracy would rule the world.

London, England--Prime Minister Symthe-Snodgrass announced in Parliament today that he hoped our naval forces off Jutaland would soon be bringing home the bacon from Denmark. First Lord of the Admiralty John Fisher was reportedly very anxious to begin building new battleships of an improved design, but this cannot begin until new assets begin flowing into the Treasury.

Warsaw, Poland--Guess who's coming to eat the Bacon?

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DIPLOMACY JOURNAL ISN'T

SPRING 1902

1972BQ

JASTRZAB T<sup>VO</sup>

AUSTRIA (DASTOLI): A GALICIA-RUMANIA. A SERBIA (S) A GALICIA-RUMANIA. A BUDAPEST (S)  
A GALICIA-RUMANIA. F GREECE-HOLDS.

ENGLAND (KNUDSEN): A NORWAY-ST.PETERSBURG. F BARENTS (S) A NORWAY-ST.PETERSBURG. F NORTH  
SEA-HELGOLAND BIGHT. F EDINBURGH-NORTH SEA.

FRANCE (CONRY): NO ORDERS RECEIVED. A BREST, A PARIS, A PORTUGAL, A BURGUNDY STAND.  
F BELGIUM STANDS.

GERMANY (DEPRISCO): F DENMARK-SWEDEN. A RUHR-BELGIUM. A HOLLAND (S) A RUHR-BELGIUM.  
A MUNICH-BURGUNDY. F BERLIN-BALTIC.

ITALY (BARENTS): A TRIESTE-TYROLIA. A TUNIS-HOLDS. A VENICE-PIEDMONT. F IONIAN-EASTERN MED.  
F NAPLES-IONIAN.

RUSSIA (TAEUSCH): F BOTHENIA-SWEDEN. F RUMANIA (S) A UKRAINE. A SEVASTAPOL (S) A RUMANIA.  
A UKRAINE-GALICIA. A WARSAW-UNORDERED!

TURKEY (PRASSE): A BULGARIA-HOLDS. A CONSTANTINOPLE (S) A BULGARIA. F ANKARA-BLACK SEA.  
F SMYRNA-AEGEAN.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. THE FRENCH F BELGIUM IS DISPLACED AND MUST RETREAT TO  
PICARDY OR ENGLISH CHANNEL OR OFF-THE BOARD. GERMAN AND ENGLISH FALL ORDERS SHOULD BE MADE  
CONDITIONAL ON THE DIRECTION OF THE RETREAT. THE RUSSIAN F RUMANIA IS ANNIHILATED, SPARING  
SAID UNIT FROM A FAR WORSE FATE.

#### PRESS RELEASES:

ROME (HIC PRESS): It has been decided by the congress of bishops that the pope will be  
given full authority in the battle vrs. sin. It was noted here that after the vote to give  
the Pope full powers that all that voted for him were given a party at the expense of the  
Church and the vat & cans within the city walls. On the other hand the persons that voted  
against the Pope were immediately sent from the city and were then killed and denounced as  
giving aid to the Devil. Pope Urvain call this vote a bright day for the Christians through  
out the world. After which the Pope sailed for Turkey. Rumors have it that there will be  
some horse trading with the Turks, but then again others say that the Pope is going on the  
first crusade of this decade.

#### Chapter 1 cont.

FANNY FROUBELL

Upon entering the bedroom with the breakfast which she had brought to her parents, she  
saw a sight that would stay with her for the rest of her life. With this sight, she let out  
a terrible scream and ran from the room dropping all upon the floor. Being but 2½ yrs. old  
she ran out the door never to be seen again by her parents.

Poor Fanny Froubell was now alone in the world with no one but herself to protect and  
provide for her. Being such a cute little thing, she was able to wrangle breakfast out of  
a drunk that she happen to see after about an hours walk.

Upon having her full of breakfast she quickly dumped the old drunk as she did not  
want to be associated with that type of person as it would only lead to her downfall. Thus  
she picked up and lost her first man.

It was a hard thing to do and Fanny felt better for it. Soon after though, she found  
that she needed yet another person to look after her. She hitched a ride with a local person  
for a couple of miles, after which she picked up yet another person. This person was sort  
of Passe. Thus entere the first person in the life of Fanny that I'll mention by name,  
one Alric Possa.

Alric was to stay with Fanny for some time, but from the start he had problems with  
Fanny. Alric had never before taken care of a baby the size of Fanny. Also the Barents of  
Fanny were on the lookout for her. The police were notified and were also looking for her.

But Fanny wasn't afraid and she and Alric were very comfortable upon the horse that  
Alric had and they rode off into the sunset.....

to be continued (mercilessly)



FALE 1901

1972CM

JASTRZAB THREE

AUSTRIA (GORSKI): F ALBANIA TO GREECE. ARMY SERBIA (S) F ALBANIA-GREECE. A TRIESTE HOLD.  
ENGLAND (THOMAS): A YORKSHIRE-NORWAY. F NORTH SEA (C) A YORKSHIRE-NORWAY. F ENGLISH  
CHANNEL-BELGIUM.

FRANCE (PROKOPOWICZ): NO CREDERS RECEIVED. F MID-ATLANTIC, A SPAIN, A BURGUNDY ALL STAND.

GERMANY (VALENCOURT): F HELGOLAND BIGHT-BENMARK. A RUHR-MUNICH. A KIEL-HOLLAND.

ITALY (KNUDSEN): A VENICE HOLDS. A APULIA TO TUNIS. F IONIAN (C) A APULIA-TUNIS..

RUSSIA (PAWLAKS): F SEVASTAPOL-RUMANIA. A UKRAINE (S) F SEVASTAPOL-RUMANIA. F GULF OF  
BOTHENIA-SWEDEN. A MOSCOW-SEVASTAPOL.

TURKEY (SHAMRAY): F ANKARA-BLACK SEA. A ARMENIA-SEVASTAPOL. BULGARIA-RUMANIA.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. NO CREDERS AND NO MOVES EITHER! MUST BE A POLISH TRICK.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART: GAINS vrs LOSSES

AUS:VIE,BUD,TRI,SER,GRE. (FIVE...BUILD TWO)  
ENG:LON,LIV,EDI,NOR,BEL. (FIVE...BUILD TWO)  
FRA:PAR,BRE,MAR,SPA. (FOUR...BUILD ONE)  
GER:BER,KIE,MUN,HOL,DEN. (FIVE...BUILD TWO)  
ITA:VEN,ROM,NAP,TUN. (FOUR...BUILD ONE)  
RUS:STP,MOS,MAR,SEV,SUE,RUM. (SIXE...BUILD TWO)  
TUR:ANK,CON,SMY,BUL. (FOUR...BUILD ONE)  
NEW:POR.

9

PRESS RELEASE:

ATHENS! The Grecian populace turned out in force today to welcome their liberators from the north. Athenian mayor Nicki Turdapoopolis welcomed the Hungarian Army by offering an olive branch and white dove as a token of peace and harmony. Naturally the Hungarians ate them, but what do they know?

TRIESTE: Hopes are high here that the continuing good relations between the Italians and Hungarians will bring new hopes for peace along this suspiciously quiet border. The Hungarians have yet to hear one word on a peace proposal with the garlies but are certain a reply will be forthcoming shortly.

WINTER 1906

1969BV

THE VOICE E

ENGLAND (KELLY): NO REMOVALS SUBMITTED. GM REMOVES 3F HOLLAND and 6F NORTH SEA. HAS  
4F ENGLISH CHANNEL, 5F IRISH SEA, 2F NORTH ATLANTIC.

FRANCE (LASKY): NO CHANGE. HAS 2A PORTUGAL, 3A GASCONY, 4A BREST, 1F CLYDE.

GERMANY (EGAN): NO CHANGE. HAS 2A BELGIUM, 1A BERLIN.

ITALY (LABELLE): BUILDS 7A VENICE, 8A ROME, 6F NAPLES. HAS 1A RUMANIA, 2A SERBIA, 3A KIEL,  
4A MUNICH, 5A BUDABEST, 6A VIENNA, 7A VENICE, 8A ROME, 1F SMYRNA, 2F AEGREEN, 3F SPAINsc,  
4F GULF OF LYON, 5F GREECE, 6F NAPLES.

RUSSIA (KNUDSEN): BUILDS 5A WARSAW. HAS: 1A GALICIA, 2A SYRIA, 3A UKRAINE, 4A DENMARK,  
1F BALTIC, 2F EDENEURGH, 3F NORWAY, 5A WARSAW.

TURKEY (BRUCE): NO CHANGE: HAS 1A BULGARIA, 3A CONSTANTINOPLE.

---DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE POLISH OLYMPIC STAR WHO LOVED HIS GOLD MEDAL SO MUCH  
HE HAD IT BRONZED??

1969CJ SPRING 1908

WALKER LIVES! EVEN IF ONLY IN OUR MINDS.

10

ENGLAND (ROLL): F IONIAN-NAPLES. F TYRRHENIAN (S) F IONIAN-NAPLES. F TUNIS-IONIAN.  
F GULF OF LYON-HOLDS. F WESTERN MED.-TUNIS. F MID-ATLANTIC-WESTERN MED.  
F LIVERPOOL-IRISH SEA.

GERMANY (CHILDS): F BELGIUM HOLDS. F ST.PETERSBURGsc-BALTIC SEA (IMP!). A KIEL-LIVONIA.  
F BALTIC (S) A KIEL-LIVONIA. A BERLIN-SILESIA. A SILESIA-GALICIA. A WARSAW (S) A SILESIA-  
GLICIA. A MOSCOW-SEVASTAPOL. A MUNICH-TYROLIA. A TUSCANY-VENICE. A PIEDMONT (S) A TUSCANY-  
VENICE. A TYROLIA-VIENNA. A BOHEMIA (S) A TYROLIA-VIENNA.

ITALY (BOSKY): A GREECE-ALBANIA. A BULGARIA-GREECE. A ROME (S) A APULIA-NAPLES. A APULIA-  
NAPLES. A VENICE (S) A ROME. F ADRIATIC-IONIAN. A TRIESTE-TYROLIA. A VIENNA (S) A TRIESTE-  
TYROLIA.

TURKEY (WALKER): MOVES BY GENERAL ORDERS. A GALICIA-BUDAPEST. A SERBIA (S) A GALICIA-BUD.  
A RUMANIA (S) A CONSTANTINOPLE-BULGARIA. A CONSTANTINOPLE-BULGARIA. F AEGEAN-GREECE.  
F SMYRNA-EASTERN MED.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. ITALIAN ARMY BULGARIA ANNIHILATED. ITALIAN ARMY VIENNA  
ANNIHILATED. ITALIAN ARMY VENICE ANNIHILATED. SEE THAT, GUYS; PROPERLY WRITTEN ORDERS WILL  
ALWAYS REMOVE THE QUESTIONABLE APPLICATION OF THE JRHR! NO RETREATS NECESSARY OR EVEN  
POSSIBLE THIS SEASON. CARRY ON. ROD WALKER: PLEASE SUBMIT NEW GENERAL ORDERS. BEFORE  
THE WINTER OF 1908, THE GM HUMBLY REQUESTS THE PLAYERS TO SUBMIT THE VICTORY CRITERIA FOR  
THIS GAME. NOTHING ELSE IS NORMAL, SO WE DO NOT EXPECT THAT A SIMPLE 18 CENTER VICTORY  
WOULD BE THE NORM.

COA: JAMES B. BOSKY, SETON HALL LAW SCHOOL, 40 CLINTON ST., NEWARK, N.J. 07102

WINTER 1910

1969B

THE VOICE-B

AUSTRIA (KONING) BUILDS 7A BUDAPEST AND 8A TRIESTE. HAS 1A BULGARIA, 2A SEVASTAPOL,  
4A RUMANIA, 5A WARSAW, 6A VIENNA, 7A BUDAPEST, 8A TRIESTE, 1F ALBANIA, 2F GREECE.

ENGLAND (WITT) BUILDS 7A LONDON AND 8A EDINBURGH. HAS 1A BOHEMIA, 2A KIEL, 3A MOSCOW,  
4A MUNICH, 5A LIVONIA, 6A SILESIA, 7A LONDON, 8A EDINBURGH, 1F GULF OF BOTHENIA, 2F NORTH  
SEA, 3F PORTUGAL, 4F ENGLISH CHANNEL, 5F BELGIUM.

FRANCE (DAVIS) BUILDS 4F BREST. HAS 1ARMY RUHR, 2A VENICE, 3A PIEDMONT, 4A GASCONY,  
1F NAPLES, 2F WESTERN MED, 3F TONIAN, 4F BREST.

RUSSIA (BOGGS) NO CHANGE! HAS 2F BLACK SEA.

TURKEY (GRAYSON) NO REMOVAL SUBMITTED. GM REMOVES 3A ARMENIA. HAS 1F AEGEAN, 2F ANKARA,  
4A CONSTANTINOPLE.